

Theme: Listening
Victoria Crompton

Seppo

Follow the chainsaw's whine to Seppo,
Creator and destroyer.
At his command trails emerge from the wild.
Whistler Mountain now stamped with the vision of its founders,
The runs, snowy fingers
Clutching the heart of the mountain.

Listen to the ghosts of his Finnish crew:
"We worked hard – but Seppo worked harder.
Occasionally we abandoned him
For the city's fleshpots and watering holes,
Cash in our pockets.
Soon – but not too soon – he'd pry us loose, bring us back,
Holes in our pockets.

Listen to raucous laughter, din of a stereo, clink of bottles.
Seppo's place— bunkhouse, party house, refuge of transients.
"Sure – I'll squeeze you in somewhere.
Put some money in the jar – whatever you can.
Hot tub's in the basement. Pool's out back."

Listen to Seppo's red Caddy purr,
Cruising down to southern sunshine.
Logger turned bon vivant.
Rough-hewn immigrant turned suave ladies' man.
Listen to the soft sibilance of kisses
Wooing his luscious Mexican starlet.
"Come live with me and be my love.
Together forever in our mountain paradise. You'll love it."
She didn't.

Listen to the crackle of flames.
The house gone in an afternoon.
Listen to the sound of silence.
Seppo's chain saw idle – the work done.
Listen to Seppo the storyteller
Bartering memories for a beer.

Listen to the crunch of boots.
Officers approaching his camper in Lot 4.
It's too cold. They are too late.
Rest in Peace Seppo.

Theme: Togetherness
Diana Joy

Someone

Some years ago
I thought about you

You were just an idea
of someone to love

Closing eyes tight
I prayed the surprise

of the bliss of you
into my life

again and again and again
and then ...

I found you
standing over a poem